

THE  
LADIES'  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,  
OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 8.

THE  
FORTUNE-HUNTER,

(Continued.)

HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS AND AMANDA.

1 Oft, by the bye, is brought before ye  
2 The pith and pleasure of the story.

3 WHILE the hero of this delectable  
4 history is striving to refresh his har-  
5 rassed flesh and spirits, with a little very  
6 necessary repose, it may not now be  
7 improper to take the opportunity to in-  
8 form the curious reader, of some par-  
9 ticulars relating to the other parties, in  
10 the adventures, that have afforded him  
11 such high entertainment, which he may  
12 probably be at a loss to comprehend.

It has been said, that the lady who was the cause of all these disasters was the only child of a wealthy merchant : this gentleman, whose desire of wealth, though it had stimulated his industry to acquire a very great fortune, and still strove to make it greater, had not got the ascendant of his reason, or effaced the tenderer passions of nature, had proposed the settlement of his beloved daughter in a state of rational happiness, as the ultimate object of his wishes in this life.

The only foundation for this he rightly judged to be a good education, to ob-

tain which, he placed her at one of the most fashionable French boarding-schools near town, in compliance with the taste of the times, as soon as she was perfect mistress of her own language, and was confirmed in the principles of virtue and religion, under his own eye, for she had lost her mother when very young.

A good man is a father to his family, by whom he is to be respected and loved. Mr. Commerce (for that was the merchant's name) had an apprentice, about two years older than his daughter, whom he treated exactly as if he was his own child : he was the son of a country clergyman, whom Mr. Commerce found in the curacy of a living on an estate that he had purchased from a nobleman which he had served near thirty years, for a salary of thirty pounds a year, under a succession of several rectors, where his piety and virtues had so endeared him to his flock, that their application prevailed to continue him in the curacy. Such a person naturally attracted the notice and esteem of Mr. Commerce on his going to take possession of the estate ; and the rector soon after dying of a fever, at an election, he succeeded him, without any other recommendation than his own merit, and even without application : a selfish diffidence, in that providence that feedeth the fowls of the air,

had not made Eusebius (so the clergyman was called) contradict the laws of nature and reason, and deny himself the highest happiness of life, from a sordid fear of imaginary inconveniences: he had married a virtuous wife, and was blessed with an hopeful family; and though the smallness of his income did not enable him to do more than just give them the necessaries of life, while his own precepts and example educated them in the principles of virtue and religion, without any prospect above what their honest industry should earn, in whatever trades he could put them to, yet his heart was happy, and he confided in the truth of his observation, who from the experience of a long life had declared, that "he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his offspring begging their bread."

As soon as Mr. Commerce was acquainted with the virtues and circumstances of this family, he directly took the care of them upon himself; and placed them out to such businesses as he thought best suited to their inclinations and capacities, taking the youngest home to himself, whose diligence and abilities not only fully answered his expectations, but also laid a foundation for greater hopes. In such a situation it was but natural that there should grow a fondness between the young Eusebius and the daughter of his benefactor, as it was the study of his life to shew his sense of her father's friendship by every tender assiduity to please her, which soon made an impression on her grateful and tender heart. The first rise of this innocent attachment was perceived by her father; but as he saw the virtuous motive of it, and dreaded no consequence that it could produce, he seemed not to see it, but left time and nature to work their own effects.

When his daughter's age made him think it proper to remove her, for a little time, from under his own eye, to extend her view of life (as has been said) he soon perceived a great change in Eusebius; he grew languid and spiritless, lost all taste for those polite accomplishments which had been his sole

amusements before, and in which he had made considerable advances, became almost incapable of business, and pined away to a skeleton; though he took all possible pains to hide his unhappiness: such an alarming alteration could not be concealed from the benevolent attention of his master, who was not a moment at a loss to discover the cause of it, nor to resolve upon the only remedy; indeed he had every tender motive to determine his resolution. Though a new scene of life had diverted his daughter's attention for a little time, she soon fell into almost the same situation with Eusebius, and in spite of every allurement of pleasure, company and variety that might be thought to operate upon a youthful mind, shewed that some secret unhappiness preyed upon her heart. Mr. Commerce saw the necessity there was to lose no time for the preservation of what was most dear to him in life, but still he resolved to act with that caution and delicacy which so nice a case required; he therefore wrote to Eusebius (the father) to let him know, that an affair of consequence made him desire to see him in London, for a few days. Such a summons was immediately obeyed; but what was the good man's astonishment to hear the cause of it: the emotions it raised in his honest heart were too great for him to bear! he sunk under the weight of gratitude and joy, and pressing Mr. Commerce's hand to his lips, was unable to speak a word, till a flood of tears had eased the fullness of his heart. This mute eloquence was rightly understood; his friend embraced him tenderly, and assured him, that he was better pleased with an attachment founded on such principles of innocence and virtue, than he could be with the highest titles; and desired his assistance to place it on such a footing, as should restore happiness to the poor sufferers, without precipitating a marriage, for which they were both yet much too young.

Accordingly, pursuant to a plan settled between them, each went to break the affair to his own child: Eusebius,

going with his son into his own apartment, as if to talk of his family concerns, after a few tender questions, took notice, as if unpremeditatedly, of the change in his son's appearance: "Good God, my dear child, (said he) what is the matter with you? You are become a perfect changeling! Instead of that bloom of health, which enlivened your whole frame, that happiness of heart which glowed in your eyes, you are now faded before your prime, and look as lifeless as a statue! What can be the meaning of it? Is your mind at ease? Is your master kind and good to you as usual? Speak, my child; open your heart to your father, to your friend, and think that in me, the attachment of each of these most sacred characters is raised still higher by the other."—"Oh Sir! (answered his son, who had heard with respectful attention, a speech, every word of which went to his heart) "Oh Sir! what shall I say! my master is all goodness! I must not, cannot complain of an action, word, or look which I have ever received from him! And yet, — O Sir! — I cannot speak! — I am most unhappy! — My coming to him has made me most unhappy!"—"What means my child! innocence and virtue cannot be unhappy! — Tell me your complaint, and depend upon my advice and assistance."—"O Sir! all advice is in vain, all assistance impossible! — I am a wretch, a base, ungrateful wretch; and have repaid my master's kindness with the highest injury."—"Now God in heaven forbid! speak to me, my child! open your mind, and hope for assistance according to your candor."—"O Sir, I must, I will obey you, though I could easier face a thousand deaths. Amanda, Sir; — my master's only, darling child! — I love Amanda, Sir! — I love her to distraction and despair."—"Why to despair, my child? Why call you this a crime? — Virtuous love is the noblest passion of the human heart! it is inspired by heaven itself."—"But Sir, my master's daughter! — The heiress of his ample fortune! — And I, poor wretch, the creature of his benevolence! — I

cannot bear the thought — I abhor my own foolish heart for it. — And what completes my wretchedness, I fear, I do not love alone! — I could bear my own misery; but to be the cause of her's is too much."—"O my child — my child! — it is enough! I need not, must not try you farther! My son! the darling of my heart, the comfort of my soul! you must, you will be happy! Your master sees and approves your love."—"O my father!"—"He sent for me on purpose to reveal the happy secret to me; to make me the bearer of the glad tidings to my son."—"My father cannot mock his child! — This is too much, too much to bear!"—"Heaven bless my son, and fortify his heart for all the dispensations of its wisdom. — The good man is this minute making the same discovery to his dear, dear daughter."—"O how can I behold his face! — his goodness overwhelms me! my life cannot reward it."—"Such virtue as his, my son, rewards itself in the exertion! his happiness is complete in making others happy! but, my son, I have something to say to you, in which I hope his expectations and mine will not be deceived."—"O my father, what can he propose, that it will not be, my duty, my happiness, to obey him in?"—"Nothing, my son, but to establish your happiness more firmly! You are too young, his daughter much too young to enter into the important cares of married life. Your father, both your fathers, desire that you will consider this and resolve not to disappoint your own happiness by precipitation: your master promises to give you his daughter as soon as she completes her twentieth year, provided you enable me to promise him that you will not abuse his good intentions and strive to gain her sooner: on this condition he will directly bring her home again, and you may live together as you did before. But beware my son, of yielding the reins to unguarded passion, nor let the familiarity of such an intercourse, nor the prospect of the completion of it, tempt you to anticipate his intentions, and destroy your own happiness; for happiness cannot



be in the married state, without that mutual respect which arises only from unsullied honor ; and the man who attempts the virtue of the person he designs to make his wife, overturns that respect, even though he escapes success, as he betrays both the badness of his own heart, and his opinion of her." — "O my father, doubt not my virtue, nor my honor ! I shall not think the time too long.—Let me but see and converse with Amanda, and think that I shall one day call her mine, call my Amanda mine, and I shall never think the time too long."—"I doubt you not, my son, I cannot doubt your honor and your virtue, and I will be surety for them."

When Eusebius had thus prepared his son for his happiness, he left him to recover himself enough to meet his master, who had a scene of equal tenderness and still greater delicacy to go through with his daughter. As it was not proper to distress her with any questions, her father, after the caresses usual at their meeting, told her he came to fetch her home to dinner, with the father of her friend Eusebius ; at the mention of his name, she instantly changed colour ; but he not seeming to observe it, relieved her, by speaking of something else ; and all the way as they went home in the chariot, strove to raise her spirits by the most encouraging endearments and familiarity. As soon as they alight, he told her he had something to shew her in his closet, where playing with her curiosity, till she seemed to recover her spirits, he at length shewed her a wedding ring, and asked her how she should like to wear it ! at the sight of this she fell into a tremor, that made it necessary for him to take her in his arms to support her ; "My heart's darling," (said he embracing her with the greatest tenderness) "do not be alarmed ! I mean nothing, I will do nothing, that shall be disagreeable to you. You know the friendship I have for Eusebius, and my love for his son—Were I to choose an husband for my dear Amanda, from all mankind, there is not one I would prefer to young Eusebius, because there is

not one would make her happier : this has long been my resolution ; and if my child has no objection to it, I think to make his good father happy with the news to day"—"O my father ! (sobbd she, hiding her face in his bosom) I never have any objection to your pleasure. And is it Eusebius, O my father?"—"It is my heart's joy ! it is Eusebius, who will make you and me happy. But recover yourself, my child, and prepare to meet his father, who burns with impatience to see you : We'll come to you, in the dining room, in half an hour."

As soon as he had said this he left her, and hasted to meet his friend, where their mutual accounts compleated their happiness ; Eusebius, then calling in his son, the grateful youth no sooner saw his Amanda's father, than he threw himself at his feet and embraced his knees, unable to utter a word : "Arise, my son," (said Mr. Commerce, embracing him, as he raised him in his arms) arise my son, go to your Amanda, and tell her I have sent you to her : your father and I will follow in a few moments.—The happy youth, with a look that spoke the gratitude and rapture of his soul, flew to the dining-room, where the scarce less happy fathers followed to be witnesses, though unseen, of a scene above description. As soon as he entered the room he flew to her arms that were open to receive him, and embracing her in ecstasy, "Oh ! my Amanda (said he) your good, dear father has sent me."—"I know it, (answered she) I know it : he has told me all—My Eusebius—My Amanda."

Their hearts were too full, for more words ; and even these few were interrupted and broken by their rapture. When their fathers entered, Eusebius taking Amanda's willing hand, threw himself again at the feet of Mr. Commerce, who raised him as the father of Eusebius did Amanda, and heaped their blessings on their heads. The rest of the day was spent in the purest happiness. The terms mentioned before by Eusebius to his son, were explained with proper delicacy to the young pair, who readily and sincerely promised their

obedience to them ; in consequence of which, Amanda that very day left the boarding-school and returned to her father's house ; the motive for which was thought to be only his fondness of her company ; it being judged proper to keep the other affair a secret from the world, as its being known would involve Amanda's delicacy in many disagreeable distresses.

In this situation was this happy family when our adventurer—"So then ! have you thought of him at last ? I thought you had forgot him quite ; and that we should hear no more of his adventures." (I hear Jacky Smart say, when he reads to this part of our history)---But soft a moment, my friend ! suspend your curiosity but for another week, and then you shall have, not only the disentangling of some circumstances in the last adventures, which I see you have not sagacity enough to unravel by yourself, nor indeed did I design you should, but also a new scene, that will make you laugh till your sides ache, though you hold them never so well.

(*To be continued.*)

### MORALITY.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum,

*Remarks on the Importance of preparing for a Future State.*

VAIN, fleeting and transitory are all the things of this world ; the life of man if extended to the greatest length, is short, and pregnant with innumerable ills—his enjoyments are evanescent, passing away like the shadow of a sunbeam.—Possessing every temporality that can charm and gratify the senses, man is still toiling after, still looking for vanity upon vanity. Possessed of riches how soon they satiate ; how soon take their flight ; of happiness in the domestic circle, how soon may the partner of his bosom pass from his sight, and be summoned into the world of spirits ; of children, relatives, and friends, they too, swept by fell contagion from the earth, ere evening veils the world in

shades of night, may all be sleeping with the silent dead ; and man without a friend or comforter, save Him who is the friend of all, alone be left to sorrow for their loss. Such is the fickleness of worldly happiness ; such the uncertainty of life itself ; that ere the morning sun again shall gild the skies, he, who at evening wept, may stand before the bar of God.—Then stop, O man, and commune with thyself ; deliberate well before it is too late ; prostrate thyself before the King of Kings, and with humble, fervent petitions, beseech his mercy and implore his pardon ; perhaps this day is the last ; this neglected, and the door of mercy may be shut forever ; the Spirit of Grace may wing his way to realms above, and leave you to remediless, interminable woe ; your day of grace once gone by, can never be recalled ; the door of mercy once closed, will never be re-opened. Then tarry not, but haste to make thy peace with Him who gave thee being, and who now sustains thee ; so, when the last trump shall wake the dead, and an assembled universe shall appear before their God ; standing on his right hand, you may hear the blessed accents of the righteous Judge, exclaiming, "Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

THEODORE.

### RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

Let chastity be your white, modesty your vermillion, dress your eye brows with cheerfulness and your lips with sincerity, let instruction be your earrings, innocence your garland, confidence your richest ornament, virtue your robes, house wifery your bracelets, and conscious integrity the finish of your dress.

As such as are deepest in a cave, tho' furthest from the light, see the actions of those who are between them and the entrance, more clearly than they their own situation, and things about them ; from the like cause, the most censurable are the most censorious.

## MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

*Blake v. Wilkins.*

We are enabled, by the courtesy of a friend to re-publish this evening, from the Glasgow Herald of the 11th of April last, one of the most entertaining and brilliant specimens of genuine wit, and forcible declamations that was ever exhibited in a court of justice. The occasion was as singular as the talents it called forth. An action for a breach of promise, brought by a young officer in the British navy, against a superannuated widow of an officer in the old French war 65 years of age, whom he and his family had entrapped into a written contract to marry him. The overwhelming to rent of merited indignation and cutting sarcasm, that alternately mark, and abound in this eloquent speech, from its commencement to its close, may challenge the world for its parallel.—*Even. Post.*

This cause, which had excited universal interest, came on to be tried on Tuesday week, at Galway, before the Hon. Baron Smith, and a special jury.—Every avenue to the Court-house was crowded at an early hour, and long before the trial it was impossible to procure a seat. The plaintiff is a lieutenant in the navy, not above 30 years of age; the defendant is at least 65, and is the widow of the Staff Physician, in whose arms General Wolfe died at the siege of Quebec. The plaintiff's case having been gone through, Mr. Phillips addressed the jury on the part of Mrs. Wilkins, in pretty nearly the following terms:

May it please your Lordship.—The plaintiff's counsel tell me, gentlemen, most unexpectedly, that they have closed this case, and it becomes my duty to state to you that of the defendant. The nature of this action you have already heard. It is one, which, in my mind, ought to be very seldom brought, and be very sparingly encouraged. It is founded on circumstances of the most extreme delicacy, and it is intended to visit with penal consequences the non-observance of an engagement, which is of the most paramount importance to society, and which of all others, perhaps, ought to be the most unbaised—an engagement which, if it be voluntary, judicious, and disinterested, generally produces the happiest effects; but which, if it be either unsuitable or compulsory, engenders not only individual misery, but consequences universally pernicious. There are few contracts between human beings which should be more deliberate than that of marriage. I admit it should be very cautiously promised. but, even when promised, I am far from conceding that it should be invariably performed; a thousand circumstances may form an impediment; change of fortune may render it imprudent; change of affection may make it culpable. The very party to whom the law gives the privilege of complaint, has perhaps the most reason to be grateful; grateful that its happiness has not been surrendered to caprice; grateful that religion has not constituted an unwilling acquiescence, or made an unavoidable desertion doubly criminal; grateful that an offspring has not been sa-

crificed to an indelicate and ungenerous enforcement; grateful that an innocent secret disinclination did not too late evince itself in an irresistible and irremediable disgust. You will agree with me, however, that if there exists any excuse for such an action, it is on the side of the female, because every female object being more exclusively domestic, such a disappointment is more severe in its visitation: because the very circumstance concentrating their feelings, renders them naturally more sensitive of a wound—because their best treasure, their reputation, may have suffered from the intercourse; because their chances of reparation are less, and their habitual seclusion makes them feel it more; because there is something in the desertion of their helplessness, which almost merges the illegality in the unmanliness of the abandonment. However, if a man seeks to enforce this engagement, every one feels that indelicacy attached to the requisition. I do not inquire into the compatible justness of the reasoning, but does not every one feel that there appears some meanness in forcing a female into an alliance? Is it not almost saying, "I will expose to public shame the credulity on which I practised, or you must pay to me in moneys numbered, the profits of that heartless speculation: I have gambled with your affections, I have secured your bond, I will extort the penalty either from your purse or your reputation?" I put a case to you where the circumstances are reciprocal; where age, fortune, situation, are the same, where there is no disparity of years to make the supposition ludicrous, where there is no disparity of fortune to render it suspicious. Let us see whether the present action can be so palliated, or whether it does not exhibit a picture of fraud, and avarice, and meanness, and hypocrisy so laughable, that it is almost impossible to criticise it, and yet so debasing, that human pride almost forbids its ridicule.

It has been left to me to defend my unfortunate old client from the double battery of love and of law, which at the age of sixty-five has so unexpectedly opened on her! Oh! Gentlemen! how vain glorious is the boast of beauty! How misapprehended have been the charms of youth, if years and wrinkles can thus despoil their conquests, and depopulate the navy of its prowess, and beguile the bar of its eloquence! How mistaken were all the amatory poets from Anacreon downwards, who preferred the bloom of the rose, and the thrill of the nightingale, to the saffron hide and dulcet treble of 65. Even our sweet bard has had the folly to declare, that

"He once had heard tell of an am'rous youth  
Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;  
But owns he had ne'er such a liquorish tooth  
As to wish to be there in his stead."

Royal wisdom has said that we live in a "new era." The reign of old women has commenced, and if Johanna Southcote converts England to her creed, why should not Ireland, less pious, perhaps, but at least equally passionate, kneel before the shrine of the irresistible widow Wilkins? It appears, Gentlemen, to have been her happy fate, to have subdued particularly the death dealing professions. Indeed, in the epis-



tle of the heathen mythology, Mars and Venus were considered as inseparable. I know not whether any of you have ever seen a very beautiful print representing the fatal glory of Quebec, and the last moments of its immortal conqueror—if so, you must have observed the figure of the staff physician, in whose arms the hero is expiring—That identical personage, my Lord, was the happy swain, who, forty or fifty years ago, received the reward of his valour and skill in the *virgin hand of my venerable client!*—The doctor lived something *more than a century*, during a great part of which Mrs. Wilkins was his companion—alas! Gentlemen, long as he lived, he lived not long enough to behold her beauty—

"That beauty, like the Aloe flower,  
But bloomed and blossomed at fourscore."

He was, however, so far fascinated as to bequeath to her the legacies of his patients when he found he was pre-doomed to follow them. To this circumstance, very far be it from me to hint, that Mrs. Wilkins is indebted for any of her attractions. Rich, however, she undoubtedly was, and rich she still undoubtedly would have continued, had it not been for her intercourse with the family of plaintiff. I do not impute it as a crime to them that they happened to be necessitous, but I do impute it as both criminal and ungrateful, that after having lived on the generosity of their friend, after having literally exhausted her most prodigal liberality, they should drag her infirmities before the public gaze, vainly supposing that they could hide their own contemptible avarice in the more prominent exposure of her melancholy dotage. The father of the plaintiff, it cannot be unknown to you, was for many years in the most indigent situation. Perhaps it is not a matter of concealment either, that he found in Mrs. Wilkins a generous benefactress. She assisted and supported him, until at last his increasing necessities induced him to take refuge in an act of insolvency. During their intimacy, frequent allusion was made to a son whom Mrs. Wilkins had never seen since he was a child, and who had risen to a lieutenantcy in the navy, under the patronage of their relative, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. In a parent's panegyric, the gallant lieutenant was, of course, all that even hope could picture. Young, gay, heroic, and disinterested, the pride of the navy—the prop of the country—independent as the gale that wafted, and bounteous as the wave that bore him. I am afraid that it is rather an anti-climax to tell you after this, that he is the present plaintiff. The eloquence of Mrs. Blake was not exclusively confined to her encomiums on the lieutenant. She diverged at times into an episode on the matrimonial felicities, painted the joy of passion and delights of love, and obscurely hinted, that Hymen, with his torch, had an exact personification in her son Peter, bearing a match-light in his Majesty's ship the Hydral. While these contrivances were practising on Mrs. Wilkins, a by-plot was got up on board the Hydral, and Mr. Blake returned to his mourning country, influenced, as he says, by his partiality for the defendant, but in reality compelled by ill health and disappointments, added, perhaps, to his mother's very absurd and

avaricious speculations. What a loss the navy had of him, and what a loss he had of the navy! Alas! Gentlemen—he could not resist his affection for a female he never saw. Almighty love eclipsed the glories of ambition—Trafalgar and St. Vincent flitted from his memory—he gave up all for woman, as Mark Antony did before him, and like the Cupid in Hudibras, he

"——— took his stand  
Upon a widow's jointure land—  
His tender sigh and trickling tear  
Long'd for five hundred pounds a year,  
And languishing desires were fond  
Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond."

—Oh! Gentlemen, only imagine him on the lakes of North America,—alike to him the varieties of season, or the vicissitudes of warfare. —One sovereign image monopolizes his sensibilities Does the storm rage? The widow Wilkins outstays the whirlwind. Is the ocean calm? Its mirror shows him the lovely widow Wilkins. Is the battle won? He thins his laurel that the widow Wilkins may interweave her myrtles.—Does the broadside thunder? He invokes the widow Wilkins.

"A sweet little cherub, she sits up aloft  
To watch for the life of poor Peter!"

—Alas! How much he is to be pitied! How amply he should be recompensed! Who but must mourn his sublime, disinterested, sweet-souled patriotism! Who but must sympathise with his pure, ardent, generous affection! Affection all impatient for an interview!—Affection too warm to wait even for an introduction! Indeed, his Amanda herself seemed to think that his love was most desirable at a distance, for at the very first visit after his return, he was refused admittance. His captivating charmer, was then sick and nurse-tended at her brother's house, after a winter's confinement, reflecting, most likely, rather on her funeral than her wedding. Mrs. Blake's avarice instantly took the alarm, and she wrote the letter which I shall now proceed to read to you.

Mr. Vandeleur—My lord, unwilling as I am to interrupt a statement which seems to create so universal a sensation, still I hope your lordship will restrain Mr. Phillips from reading a letter which cannot hereafter be read in evidence.

Mr. O'Connel rose for the purpose of supporting the propriety of the course pursued by defendant's counsel, when,

Mr. Phillips resumed—"My lord, although it is utterly impossible for the learned gentleman to say, in what manner hereafter this letter might be made evidence, still my case is too strong to require any cavilling upon such trifles. I am content to save the public time, and wave the perusal of the letter. However, they have now given its suppression an importance which, perhaps, its production could not have procured for it. You see, gentlemen, what a case they have when they insist on the withholding of the documents which originated with themselves. I accede to their very polite interference. I grant them, since they intreat it, the mercy of my silence. Certain it is, however, that a letterlet was

received from Mrs. Blake, and that almost immediately after its receipt, Miss Blake intruded herself at Brownville, where Mrs. Wilkins was; remained two days, lamented bitterly her not having appeared to the lieutenant when he called to visit her; said that her poor mother had set her heart on an alliance; that she was sure, *dear woman*, a disappointment would be the death of her; in short that there was no alternative but the tomb or the altar! To all this, Mrs. Wilkins only replied, how totally ignorant the parties most interested were of each other, and that were she even inclined to connect herself with a stranger—poor old soul!—the debts in which her generosity to the family had already involved her formed, at least for the present, an insurmountable impediment. This was not sufficient. In less than a week, the indefatigable Miss Blake returned to the charge, actually armed with an old family bond to pay off the incumbrances, and a renewed representation of the mother's anxiety and the brother's desperation. You will not fail to observe gentlemen, that while the female conspirators were thus at work, the lover himself had never even seen the object of his idolatry. Take the maniac in the farce, he fell in love with the picture of his grandmother. Like a prince of the blood, he was willing to woo and be wedded by proxy. For the gratification of his avarice, he was contented to embrace age, disease, infirmity and widowhood; to bind his youthful passions to the carcase for which the grave was opening—to feed by anticipation on the uncoid corpse, and cheat the worm of its reverberatory corruption. Educated in a profession proverbially generous, he offered to barter every joy for money! Born in a country, ardent to a fault, he advertised his happiness to the highest bidder! and he now solicits an honest jury to become the panderers to this heartless cupidity! Thus beset, harassed, conspired against, their miserable victim entered into the contract you have heard—a contract conceived in meanness, extorted by fraud, and sought to be enforced by the most profligate conspiracy.—Trace it through every stage of its progress, and its origin, its means, its effects; from the parent contriving it through the sacrifice of her son, and forwarding it through the delicate instrumentality of her daughter, down to the son himself unblushingly acceding to the atrocious combination by which age was to be betrayed and youth degraded, and the odious union of decrepid lust and precocious avarice blasphemously consecrated by the principles of religion! Is this the example which as parents you would sanction? Is this the principle you would adopt yourselves? Have you never worshipped the bliss by which it has been hallowed, when its torch kindled at affection's altar, gives the noon of life its warmth and its lustre, and blesses its evening with a more chastened, but not less lovely illumination? Are you prepared to say, that this rite of heaven, revered by each country, cherished by each sex, the solemnity of every church, and the sacrament of one, shall be profaned into the ceremonial of an obscene and soul-degrading avarice?

No sooner was this contract, the device of their covetousness and the evidence of their shame, swindled from the wretched object of

this conspiracy, than its motive became apparent, they avowed themselves the keepers of their melancholy victim. They watched her movements; they dictated her actions; they forbade all intercourse with her own brother; they duped her into accepting bills, and let her be arrested for the amount. They exercised the most cruel and capricious tyranny upon her, now menacing her with the publication of her follies, and now with the still more horrible enforcement of a contract—that thus betrayed its anticipated inflictions! Can you imagine a more disgusting exhibition of how weak and how worthless human nature may be, than this scene exposes? On the one hand, a combination of sex and age, disregarding the most sacred obligations, and tramping on the most tender ties, from a mean greediness of lucre, that neither honour nor gratitude nor nature could appense—"Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet."† On the other hand, the poor shrivelled relic of what once was health, and youth, and animation, sought to be embraced in its infection, and caressed in its infirmity—crawled over and corrupted by the human reptile, before death had shovelled it to the less odious and more natural vermin of the grave! What an object for the speculation of avarice! What an angel for the idolatry of youth! Gentlemen, when this miserable dupe to her own dotting vanity and the vice of others, saw how she was treated—when she found herself controlled by the mother, beset by the daughter, beggared by the father, and held by the son as a kind of windmill, that, too rotten to keep its hold, has fallen at his feet to be squeezed and trampled, when she saw the intercourse of her relatives prohibited, the most trifling remembrances of her ancient friendship denied, the very exercise of her habitual charity denounced; when she saw that all she was worth was to be surrendered to a family confiscation, and that she was herself to be gibbeted in the chains of wedlock, an example to every superannuated dotard upon whose plunder the ravens of the world might calculate, she came to the wisest determination of her life, and decided that her fortune should remain at her own disposal. Acting upon this decision, she wrote to Mr. Blake, complaining of the cruelty with which she had been treated, desiring the restoration of the contract of which she had been duped, and declaring, as the only means of securing respect, her final determination as to the control over her property. To this letter, addressed to the son, a verbal answer, (mark the conspiracy) was returned from the mother, withholding all consent, unless the property was settled on her family, but withholding the contract at the same time. The wretched old woman could not sustain this conflict. She was taken seriously ill, confined for many months in her brother's house, from whom she was so cruelly sought to be separated, until the debts in which she was involved, and a recommended change of scene, transferred her to Dublin—There she was received with the utmost kind-

\* She had signed a written contract to marry the plaintiff.

† Sweet is the odour of lucre from whatever source.



ness by her relative, Mr. Mac Namara, to whom she confided the delicacy and distress of her situation. That gentleman, acting at once as her agent and her friend, instantly had an interview with Mr. Blake. This was long before the commencement of any action. A conversation took place between them on the subject, which must, in my mind, set the present action at rest altogether; because it must show that the non-performance of the contract originated entirely with the plaintiff himself. Mr. Mac Namara inquired, whether it was not true that, Mr. Blake's own family declined any connexion unless Mrs. Wilkins consented to settle on them the entire of her property? Mr. Blake replied it was. Mr. Mac Namara rejoined, that her contract did not bind her to any such extent. "No," replied Mr. Blake, "I know it does not, however, tell Mrs. Wilkins that I understand she has about 580*l.* a year, and I will be content to settle the odd 80*l.* on her by way of pocket money." Here, of course, the conversation ended, which Mr. Mac Namara detailed, as he was desired, to Mrs. W., who rejected it with the disdain which, I hope, it will excite in every honourable mind. A topic, however, arose during the interview, which unfolds the motive, and illustrates the mind of Mr. Blake, more than any observation which I can make on it. As one of the inducements to the projected marriage, he actually proposed the prospect of a 50*l.* annuity as an officer's widow's pension, to which she would be entitled in the event of his decease! I will not stop to remark on the delicacy of this inducement; I will not advert to the glaring dotage on which he speculated, when he could seriously hold out to a woman of her years, the prospect of such an improbable survivorship. But I do ask of you what materials must the man be composed, who could debase the national liberality! What! Was the recompense of that lofty heroism which has almost appropriated to the British navy, the monopoly of maritime renown; was that grateful offering which a weeping country pours into the lap of its patriot widow, and into the cradle of its warrior's orphan—was that generous consolation with which a nation's gratitude cheers the last moments of her dying hero by the portraiture of his children sustained and ennobled by the legacy of his achievements, to be thus deliberately perverted into the bribe of base, reluctant, unnatural prostitution? Oh! I know of nothing to parallel the self abasement of such a deed, except the audacity that requires an honourable jury to abet it. The following letter from Mr. Anthony Martin Mr. Blake's attorney unfolded the future plans of this unfeeling conspiracy. Perhaps the gentlemen would wish also to cushion this document! They do not—Then I shall read it.

The letter is addressed to Mrs. Wilkins,

"*Gulway, Jan. 9, 1817.*

"Madam—I have been applied to professionally by Lieutenant Peter Blake, to take proceedings against you of rather an unpleasant nature; but from every letter of your's, and other documents, together with the material and irreparable loss Mr. Blake has sustained in his professional prospects, by means of your proposals to him, makes it indispensably necessary

for him to get remuneration from you. Under these circumstances, I am obliged to say, that I have his directions to take immediate proceedings against you, unless he is in some measure compensated for your breach of contract and promise to him. I should feel happy that you would save me the necessity of acting professionally by settling the business. (You see, Gentlemen, money, money, money runs through the whole amour,) and not suffer it to come to a public investigation, particularly as I conceive from the legal advice Mr. Blake has got, together with all I have seen, it will ultimately terminate most honourably to his advantage, and to your pecuniary loss.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Madam, your very humble servant,

"ANTHONY MARTIN."

Indeed, I think Mr. Anthony Martin is mistaken. Indeed, I think, no twelve men upon their oaths will say (even admitting the truth of all he asserts) that it was honourable for a British officer to abandon the navy on such a speculation—to desert so noble a profession—to forfeit the ambition it ought to have associated—the rank to which it leads—the glory it may confer—for the purpose of extorting from an old woman he never saw, the purchase money of his degradation! But I rescue the plaintiff from this disgraceful imputation. I cannot believe, that a member of a profession not less remarkable for the valour than the generosity of its spirit—of a profession as proverbial for its profusion in the harbour, as for the prodigality of its life-blood on the wave; a profession ever willing to fling money to the winds, and only anxious that they should waft through the world its immortal banner, crimsoned with the record of a thousand victories; no, no, Gentlemen, notwithstanding the great authority of Mr. Anthony Martin, I cannot readily believe, that any man could be found to make the high honour of this noble service, a base, mercenary, sullied pander to the prostitution of his youth! The fact is, that increasing ill health, and the improbability of promotion, combined to induce his retirement on half pay. You will find this confirmed by the date of his resignation, which was immediately after the battle of Waterloo, which settled (no matter how) the destinies of Europe. His constitution was declining, his advancement was annihilated, and as a forlorn hope, he bombarded the widow Wilkins!

"War thoughts had left their places vacant.

In their room came thronging, soft, and amorous desires.

All telling him how fair—Young Hero was."

He first, Gentlemen, attacked her fortune, with herself, through the artillery of the church, and having failed in that, he now attacks her fortune, without herself, through the assistance of the law.—However, if I am instructed rightly, he has nobody but himself to blame for his disappointment. Observe, I do not vouchsafe for the authenticity of this fact; but I do certainly assure you, that Mrs. Wilkins was persuaded of it. You know the proverbial frailty of our nature. The gallant lieutenant was not free from it! Perhaps you imagine, that some younger, or, according to his taste, some older

fair one, weaned him from the widow. Indeed they did not. He had no heart to loose, and yet (can you solve the paradox?) his infirmity was love, as the Poet says—

“———Still—Love.

No, it was not to Venus, it was to Bacchus, he sacrificed. With an Eastern idolatry he commenced at day-light, and so persevering was his piety till the shades of night, that when he was not on his knees—he could scarcely be said to be on his legs! When I came to this passage I could not avoid involuntarily exclaiming, Oh, Peter, Peter, whether it be in liquor, or in love.

“None but thyself can be thy parallel!”

I see by your smiling, gentlemen, that you correct my error. I perceive your classic memories recurring, to perhaps, the only prototype to be found in history. I beg his pardon, I should not have overlooked.

“———the Immortal Captain Wattle.  
Who was all for love—and a little for the bottle.”

Ardent as our fair ones are announced to be, they do not prefer a flame that is so exclusively spiritual. Widow Wilkins, no doubt, did not choose to be singular. In the very words of the bard—and, my Lord, I perceive you excuse my dwelling so much on the authority of the Muses, because really on this occasion the Minstrel seems to have combined the powers of poetry with the spirit of prophecy—in the very words of the Bard—

“He asked her would she marry him—Widow Wilkins answered—No—

“Then said he, I’ll to the ocean rock, I’m ready for the slaughter,

“Oh!—I’ll shoot at my sad image, as its sighing in the water—

“Only think of Widow Wilkins, saying—Go—Peter, Go!”

But, Gentlemen, let us try to be serious—and seriously give me leave to ask you, on what grounds does he solicit your verdict? Is it for the loss of his profession? Does he deserve compensation if he abandoned it for such a purpose; if he deserted at once his duty and his country to trepan the weakness of a wealthy dotard? But did he (base as the pretence is) did he do so? Is there nothing to cast any suspicion on the pretext? Nothing in the aspect of public affairs? In the universal peace? In the uncertainty of being put into commission? In the downright impossibility of advancement? Nothing to make you suspect that he imputes as a contrivance, what was the manifest result of an accidental contingency? Does he claim on the ground of *sacrificed affection*? Oh, Gentlemen, only fancy what he has lost! If it were but the blessed raptures of the bridal night! Do not suppose I am going to describe it. I shall leave it to the learned counsel he has selected to compose his epithalamium. I shall not exhibit the venerable trembler, at once a relief and relief: with a grace for every year and a cupid in every wrinkle; affecting to shrink from the flame of his impatience, and fanning it with the ambrosial sigh of sixty-five!!!—I cannot pierce the

fierce meridian transports of the honey-moon, gradually melting into a more chastened and permanent affection; every *nine months* adding a link to the chain of their delicate embraces, until, too soon, Death’s broadside lays the Lieutenant low, consoling, however, his patriarchal charmer (old enough at the time to be the wife of Methuselah,) with a fifty pound annuity, being the balance of his glory against his Majesty’s ship Hydra

Give me leave to ask you, is this one of the cases, to meet which this very rare and delicate action is intended? Is this a case where a reciprocity of circumstances, of affection, or of years throw even a shade of rationality over the contract? Do not imagine I mean to insinuate that under no circumstances ought such a proceeding to be adopted. Do not imagine, though I say this action belongs more naturally to a female, its adoption can never be justified by one of the other sex. Without any great violence to my imagination, I can suppose a man in the very spring of life, when his sensibilities are most acute, and his passions most ardent, attaching himself to some object, young, lovely, talented, and accomplished, concentrating, as he thought, every charm of personal perfection, and in whom those charms were only heightened by the modesty that veiled them; perhaps his preference was encouraged; his affection returned; his very sigh echoed until he was unconscious of his existence but by the soul-creating sympathy, until the world seemed but the residence of his love, and that love the principle that gave it animation—until before the smile of her affection, the whole spectral train of sorrow vanished, and this world of woe, with all its cares, and miseries, into and crimes, brightened as by enchantment anticipated paradise! It might happen that this divine affection might be crushed, and that heavenly vision wither into air, at the hell-engendered pestilence of parental avarice, leaving youth, and health, and worth, and happiness a sacrifice to its unnatural and mercenary artifices. Far am I from saying, that such a case would not call for expiation, particularly where the ruin had originated. Yet even there, perhaps, an honourable mind would rather despise the mean unmerited desertion. Oh, I am sure a sensitive mind would rather droop uncomplaining into the grave, than solicit the mockery of a worldly compensation! But in the case before you, is there the slightest ground for supposing any affection? Do you believe if any accident bereft the defendant of her fortune, that her prosecutor would be likely to retain his consistency? Do you believe that the marriage thus sought to be enforced, was likely to promote morality and virtue? Do you believe that those delicious fruits by which the struggles of social life are sweetened, and the anxieties of parental care alleviated were ever once anticipated? Do you think that such a union could exhibit those reciprocities of love and endearments by which this tender right should be consecrated and recommended? Do you not rather believe that it originated in avarice—that it was promoted by conspiracy, and that it would perhaps have lingered through some months of crimes, and been terminated in an heartless and disgusting abandonment?

Gentlemen, these are the questions which you will discuss in your Jury-room. I am not afraid of your decision. Remember, I ask you for no mitigation of damages. Nothing less than your verdict will satisfy me. By that verdict you will sustain the dignity of your sex; by that verdict you will uphold the honour of the national character, by that verdict you will assure not only the immense multitude of both sexes that thus so unusually crowd around you, but the whole rising generation of your country, that marriage can never be attended with honour, or blessed with happiness, if it has not its origin in mutual affection. I surrender with confidence my case to your decision.

The damages were laid at 5000*l.* but the plaintiff's counsel were in the end contented to withdraw a Juror, [and thereby abandoning the cause] and let him pay his own costs.

### VARIETY.

#### CHEMICAL DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is a *compound* passion of various *heterogeneous simple* feelings. It *effervesces* with jealousy and despair, and has, in many instances, caused a *precipitation*. It *dissolves* with sympathy and *colours* upon exposure. It *absorbs* the mind, and *decomposes* it upon the approach of the object of attachment. Love, in its *pure state*, is produced from a congeniality of soul, but that description which is most commonly to be met with, has many *foreign ingredients*, such as desire, ambition and vanity, and may be easily discovered by its *attraction* for gold and beauty.

#### A KISS.

"A Kiss," said young James, "is a noun we allow,

But tell me my dear, is it proper or common?"

Lovely Hannah, blushed deep and exclaimed, "why I vow

I think that a kiss is both proper and common."

Earl Stanhope, being reminded of the quarrel between Miss Pelham and Fitzroy, when the latter gave the other a blow, observed, that she acted perfectly in character, for he always thought her a *striking beauty*.

A pawn broker who had married a second wife, speaking in her praise said she was the *duplicate* of his first rib.

### OMENS.

It is unlucky, says Grose, in his *Popular Antiquities*, to lay one's knife and fork crosswise. Crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow. Melton, in his *Astrologator*, observes, that "It is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear it cut away all love that is between them." Thus Gay, in the *Shepherd's Week*:

"But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,

"For knives, they tell me, always sever love."

It is, says Grose, unlucky to present a knife, scissors, razors, or and sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love or friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be taken. To find a knife or razor denotes ill luck or disappointment to the party.

A superstitious opinion prevails, that the howling of a dog by night in a neighborhood is the presage of death to any that are sick in it. We know not what has given rise to this: dogs have been known to stand and howl over the dead bodies of their masters, when they have been murdered, or died an accidental or sudden death; taking such note of what is past, is an instance of great sensibility in this faithful animal, without supposing that it has in the smallest degree any prescience of the future.

Shakspeare ranks this among omens:

"The owl shriek'd at my birth; an evil sign!  
The night-crow cry'd aboding luckless time,  
Dog's howl'd, and hideous tempests shook  
down trees."

The howling of dogs, says Grose, is a certain sign that some one of the family will very shortly die. The following passage is in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* :---

"I hear the watchful dogs  
With hollow howling, tell of thy approach;"  
and the subsequent is cited in *Poole's English Parnassus* :---

"The air that night was fill'd with dismal  
groans,

And people oft awaked with the howls  
Of wolves and fatal dogs."



For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

LINES

Written on the death of Mr. A. S. WHELP-  
LEY, who died in April 1817.

"Even with the tender tear which nature  
sheds,  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave."

COWPER.

WHY heaves the sigh unwonted in the  
breast,

To damp the tender pulse's airy beat?

Why flows the tear by pity's self carest,

To wing its flight across the face so fleet?

'Tis nature's feeling prompts the budding  
sigh,

And gives it birth to hush the storm of wo;

Whilst from the cell of sympathy doth fly,

The purest tears that deck sweet pity's  
brow.

Firm was the friendship of the youth we  
mourn,

For it would bloom amid the winter snow;

And though some angry cloud has often  
torn

Its tender leaves, and almost laid it low,

Still when the warm smile gently flush'd the  
face,

It would revive, and all its beauties too;

For friendship's sun would light each  
cloudy trace,

And with its rays would soften every hue.

The mother and the friends that held him  
dear,

(Tho' he had failings which the world *all*  
*have*)

Now to his mem'ry give the pensile tear,

And breath their sorrows round his youth-  
ful grave.

For to that spot shall fancy oft repair—

Then starting back, with sorrow's phren-  
sied gaze;

Whist from her anguish'd globe, she'll  
pluck her hair

And strew it o'er his grave, as tender bays.

But hush'd be pity's tear, and nature's sigh,

And calm the sorrows of the waring breast;

Let sympathy's sweet cell be almost dry,

And every painful passion sink to rest;

All but remembrance, whose congenial way  
Shall live, till life's expiring—last decay.

ROLLA

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

OCCASIONED BY READING ELLA'S LINES  
IN THE LAST MUSEUM.

Now since my harp is strung again,

And I have felt the joy of pain,

I'll sing a strain (though sung before)

Devoid of elegance of lore:

May ev'ry flow'r I cull, adorn

With modest lustre, fancy's form,

And chain a circling wreath at last

Around the mem'ry of the past.

While retrospection stands on high,

And backward looks, with eagle eye;

May she behold, while gazing there,

A conscience free from *weighty* care.

Who (say enthusiast friends of truth?)

Has ne'er been guilty from his youth?

I too am censured for the crime

Of writing what I thought in rhyme;

But retrospection, backward flown,

Pardons at once the fault we own;

'Tis only when we persevere

In flagrant ill she turns severe.

The spider, innocent indeed,

Suspended from his native weed

And suffered undisturb'd to roam

With nature's birth-right for his home;

But when his work, surpassing art,

By meddling man is rent apart,

And scatter'd to th' unconscious air,

Should he not vent his venom there?

I'd not acknowledge as a friend

Who'd glory in a reptile's end;

Far less the man who'd gladly tread

A thoughtless, busy insect dead;

May such forever wear the weed,

Who's guilty of the shameful deed!

Self preservation can alone

For such a cruel act atone.

Who would, because he has the power,

Destroy the insect of an hour,

Extinguish that surprising flame

Not all creation can reclaim.

Graceful in childhood is the deed

That suffers not a fly to bleed,

Or lends its finger, prone to save

The insect from a watery grave:

The deed would give more pure delight

Than to behold, *in pride of might*,

A conqueror treading kingdoms down,

And *crushing* empires with his frown.

Merit, in modesty attired,

With sympathetic feelings fired,

Deserves our undivided praise,  
And must inspire the poet's lays.  
And can it be! was it the fair,  
Whose breast is pity's noblest care,  
Avow'd the deed, the cruel deed  
To bid a little insect bleed!

SUILENROC.

### HYMN

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O, thou that gemm'st the brow of night!  
Propitious to the lover true;  
Fair Venus! shed thy pearly light,  
And wave thy ringlets bright with dew.

From the gay gardens of the west,  
That shame the rainbow's purple grain,  
Thou com'st, in fairy vestments drest,  
With love and rapture in thy train.

Sweet to the swain, on mead or hill,  
Are vernal suns in glowing pride!  
But sweeter to the lover still  
Is thy calm hour of even-tide.

And dear the morning's dewy star  
To the poor shipwreck'd sailor's sight;  
But dearer to the lover far  
Is thy mild beam of tranquil light!

O, thou! my goddess and my guide,  
Be now thy trem'ulous lustre shed;  
While in thy influence I confide,  
And go to meet the blushing maid.

'Mid scenes that primrose blossoms strew,  
Fragrant as Araby the blest,  
To press her cheek of roseate hue,  
And clasp her beauties to my breast!

Queen of the amber tresses bright,  
And crescent of ethereal blue;  
Fair Venus! shed thy pearly light,  
And wave thy ringlets bath'd in dew.

And guide me to the happy spot  
Where, with the maid so melting kind,  
Be mine the moments to devote  
To love and rapture unconfin'd.

So shall her blushing charms be mine  
From care, and doubt, and anguish free:  
So may the lover haunt thy shrine;  
The virgin's incense rise to thee!

E.

### A DIRGE.

LIGHT be the turf on Billy's breast,  
And green the sod that wraps his grave;"  
By hands unseen may it be drest,  
And there the weeping willow wave.

There shall the Morning first unfold  
The splendor of her opening ray;  
And there the parting gleams of gold  
Shall linger at the close of day.

And there at eve, with dulcet shell,  
Shall airy forms be heard to mourn,  
And there their loud lament I'll swell,  
And strew fresh garlands o'er his urn.

And sleep'st thou Billy, sleep'st thou so?  
Thou ne'er shalt hear us mourn thy doom;  
And wilt thou never more forego  
The dark, dark, chambers of the tomb?

Mid vernal haunts my steps to lead,  
When May-flowers spread their blooms  
so fair;  
And rifle all the breathing mead,  
To bind my half-dishevell'd hair.

Or fond, with frequent foot, to rove,  
Where love and innocence are found,  
Amid the deep sequester'd grove,  
To wake the lute's mellifluent sound!

'T was there, when village maidens came  
To join the sports at evening's close,  
You first declared your amorous flame,  
And breath'd inviolable vows.

Our bridal-day at last appear'd—  
None strove the choral strain to swell;  
No sounds, but sounds of grief, were heard;  
No music, but thy passing bell.

Farewell, farewell, my Billy dear;  
O'er thee the willow tree shall wave  
And fays and genii, hov'ring near,  
Shall dress the sod that wraps thy grave.

### SELECTED

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

*Occasioned by the Death of a young Lady.*

Sweet grew the Rose, and ting'd with amil-  
ing hues,  
Fan'd by the breezes, water'd by the dews;  
The sun beheld her, and refulgent shed,  
Soft beams, auspicious, on her tender head.

The garden triumph'd, sister-flow'rs were  
charm'd  
Swift roll'd the mornings, of their cold dis-  
arm'd ;  
Till flush'd with beauty, flush'd with every  
grace,  
That decks with grandeur Flora's beauteous  
race.

She shone the fairest of surrounding flow'rs,  
The pride of Flora's and Apollo's bow'rs ,  
But, ah ! too soon the blighting mildew fell,  
And clos'd the April blossom's lovely bell.

Yet sing, thou garden ! bloom, ye lovely  
flowers !

Triumph, ye roses, by the dew-wet bowers !  
The rose yet blooms, where softer breezes  
play,

Beneath bespangled skies of endless day.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1817.

## Intelligence.

— — —  
DOMESTIC.

### ANNUAL CENSUS,

Of the Humane and Criminal Institutions in  
the City of New-York, collected by the  
attending Minister, John Stanford, A. M.  
May 1, 1817.

*Orphan Assylum.*---Boys 66, Girls 47,  
total 113.

*City Alms House.*---(including child-  
ren out at nurse.)---White Men 368 ;  
White Women 394 ; White Boys 396 ;  
White Girls 242 ; Black Men 29 ; Black  
Women 47 ; Black Boys 13 ; Black Girls  
11 ; total 1500.

*City Hospital.*---Patients 190 ; Mani-  
acs 78 ; total 268.

*Debtor's Prison.*---(in confinement in-  
cluding the liberties.)---300.

*Bridewell.*---White Men 44 ; White  
Women 17 ; Black Men 26 ; Black Wo-  
men 33 ; Boys 7 ; total 127.

*Penitentiary Bellevue.*---White Men  
33 ; White Women 40 ; Black Men 52 ;  
Black Women 14 ; total 139.

*State Prison.*---White Men 624 ; White  
Women 19 ; Black Men 80 ; Black Wo-  
men 29 ; total 752.

N. B. Total last year 2401 ; Increase  
243 ; Total 3249.

On the 5th instant, while lying near  
the capes of Virginia, the Buenos  
Ayrean armed schr. *El Atrevido's* mag-  
azine exploded, by which 23 persons  
including all the officers, but the Boat-  
swain and two mates were instantly  
launched into eternity. Several Amer-  
ican gentlemen unhappily were on board  
her at the time, who shared the same  
fate. Thirty-three were all that surviv-  
ed, who were picked up by the boats of  
her consort, that lay near her.

### FOREIGN.

Late accounts from Europe says, a  
violent tempest broke over Strehlin in  
Silesia The storm tore down mills and  
buildings ; the lightning twice struck the  
Senate House, and set it on fire ; to save  
it was impossible ; the Tower, one of  
the highest in Silesia, was burnt with  
the clock and bells ; the other part of  
the Senate House also caught fire, and  
was partly destroyed.

A Calcutta paper mentions the death  
of the Rajah of Nepaul and that one of  
his queens, one of his concubines and  
the female attendants were consumed  
on his funeral pile, on which they pre-  
cipitated themselves. One of them was  
only 16 years of age.

On the 11th of April, an exhibition  
of the sale of a wife took place at Dart-  
mouth, Eng. A brute of a fellow drag-  
ged his wife to the public quay for sale.  
She had been married about a twelve-  
month, is not yet 20, and could scarce-  
ly be sustained from fainting as her un-  
worthy husband dragged her along. She  
was purchased for two guineas by her  
first sweetheart.

An earthquake has recently done  
much damage at Jerusalem. A Greek  
and an Arminian church were over-  
thrown and one at St. Sepulcher's has  
been also severely injured.

The labours of excavation at Pom-  
pie, says a London paper, have lately  
been renewed. A magnificent temple  
has been recently discovered, in the  
midst of which were found statues of  
colossal proportions, one of them from  
20 to 22 palms in height.



## SCIENTIFIC.

A Phosphorescent powder has been manufactured by a chemist in Paris, of such power that an ounce phial filled with it is capable of affording light sufficient to read and write. The night traveller has therefore only to carry this phial along with him, and without any further trouble can be furnished with light whenever he chooses.

Mr. Hentz, an eminent tanner of Syrenska in Poland, has ascertained that the leaves of the oak are equal to the bark in tanning leather, provided they are used in the month of September, when they possess the bitter sap which they afterwards lose.

The chemists in Paris have lately discovered that the acrid principle in Tobacco differs from that of all other vegetables whose properties are known; that it can, by an easy process, be separated from the plant either green or dried, and in a liquid state; and that the juice thus extracted may be combined with the dried leaves of any tree, and thus form Tobacco. The remains of the plant, after the acrid principle is thus separated, have neither smell nor taste. Segars have thus been manufactured at Paris of rose leaves, and the leaves of other flowers, impregnated with the acrid principle of the Tobacco plant, which could not be distinguished from the best segars manufactured in the usual manner.

## DOMESTIC.

## BEET ROOT COFFEE.

We have mentioned the mode of extracting sugar from Beet Roots and other vegetables; but it appears that the yellow Beet Root when cut into slices and kiln dried, furnishes an excellent substitute for coffee; particularly if ground along with a small quantity of Turkey or West India coffee. It requires much less sugar than the foreign coffee, and is said to be much stronger. M. Vinner of Collentz claims the merit of having discovered this new application of Beet Root. He cautions his readers against stripping the plant of its leaves for feeding cattle as is generally practis-

ed, and which not only injures the growth of the plant, but materially alters the qualities of the juice.

M. Dieudonne a French chemist has discovered that the seeds of Gooseberries, watered, dried and roasted, are a good substitute for coffee. When mixed in equal parts of real coffee, the taste does not at all differ from that of ordinary coffee.

In order to gratify the patrons of the Museum, we have made exertions this week to give the entire of the inimitable speech of PHILLIPS, on a late very uncommon and very interesting occasion—on which account we have omitted, until our next, the continuation of "Warden's Letters."

\* \* The lines by "A FRIEND," we regret to say, we think is too destitute of poetical talent to appear before the public. Communications, especially local ones, ought to be well written, to give them a general interest

## MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Ralph Olmstead, to Miss Mary Jackson, daughter of Amasa Jackson, esq.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. William Thompson, to Miss Nancy Corning, daughter of Mr. Daniel Corning.

Mr. James De Peyster Stagg, to Miss Ann Zabriskie De Peyster.

Mr. Michael Lamber, to Miss Eliza Mising.

Mr. Wm. Mason, to Miss Ann Thompson.

By the rev. Mr. Milnor, William M. Glover, esq. of the island of Tortola, to Miss Caroline Matilda Gerard, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Whelply, Mr. Joseph Semister, of Manchester, (Eng.) to Miss True-love Smith, of Dudley.

The City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons in this City, during the week ending the 10th inst.

## DIED,

Mrs. Elizabeth Coles, consort of Mr. Willet Coles, aged 42.

Mr. John Tullus, aged 45.

Mr. Andrew Adair, aged 21.

Mr. Nathaniel Roe, aged 34.

Capt. James Brown, aged 65.

Mr. Francis Winton, aged 54.

Mr. Silvan Bijotat, jun. aged 23.

Capt. Jerome C. Dickinson, aged 32.

Mrs. Hester Marsh, wife of Mr E. Marsh. At Flatbush, Wm. Livingston esq. aged 63

## NEW-YORK THEATRE.

## No. II.

Monday, May 5.

*Wild Oats.*—*Broken Sword.*—This evening Mr. Hilson gave a specimen of his powers in the first piece in the character of a sailor, and a most excellent one he was. Harry, by Mr. Darley, spoke so fast and so incoherently that he might have spoken very much to the purpose for any thing that the audience knew to the contrary. Not having seen Mr. Robertson before in comedy, his performance surprised me agreeably.—Miss Deillinger pleased to admiration.

Wednesday, May 7.

*Virgin of the Sun.* *Sleep Walker.*—The Sleep Walker is considered Mr. Hilson's best character, and he certainly does it great justice; we never before witnessed so complete a developement of his powers. Mr. Prichard is a good Irishman.

Friday, May 9.

*Exit by Mistake.* *Woodman's Hut.*—A new comedy called Exit by Mistake, made its appearance this evening, and as the auditory were generally strangers, it was well received; we cannot give the plot because unfortunately there is none. It excited some merriment to see certain performers stand staring one at the other not knowing what to say. It reminded us of Hilson's inimitable Samno. *Prompter! why prompter I say!* Mr. Simpson appeared exhausted in the afterpiece. Mrs. Barnes appeared to overact her part considerably. The scenery of this piece is most awful and beautiful; we would advise any one who has not seen it already to take the first opportunity.

While on the subject of the Theatre, a few words may be said concerning the company that frequent it. The managers have appointed officers to attend to the order of the house, but either they neglect their duty or there is some capital fault in the regulations of it.—The noise and indelicate expressions which are sometimes heard should not be admitted. The Pit unquestionably

contains the best seats in the house, but while such conduct is allowed no gentleman is willing to be seen there,

MASTRIX.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

(Continued.)

<i>Insurance policies used in Florence</i>	1523
in London	1560
<i>Interest substituted for the word usury</i>	1621
<i>Iron wire, English. Before</i>	1568
all made and drawn by manual labor alone, when mills were established by the Germans.	
<i>Journals of the English house of peers first taken</i>	1550
<i>Jewels first worn in England by Agnes Sorrel</i>	1484
<i>Knitting stockings invented in Spain</i>	1550
<i>Knives first made in England</i>	1503
<i>Linen staining first known in Eng.</i>	1579
<i>Logarithms invented by Napier</i>	1614
<i>Lottery first in England</i>	1569
France	1657
<i>Magnets (artificial) invented</i>	1751
<i>Magnifying glasses by Roger Bacon</i>	1260
<i>Magic Lanterns by do.</i>	1252
<i>Microscopes, double, invented</i>	1624
<i>Military uniforms first used in France by Louis the 14th</i>	
<i>Muslins from India first worn in Europe</i>	1670
<i>Needles made in England</i>	1621
<i>Orbits of the planets first determined</i>	1661
<i>Padlocks invented at Nuremburg</i>	1540
<i>Painting in oil invented by John Van Eyck, the father of the Flemish school, and the first picture an Ecce Homo</i>	1415
<i>Paper made of cotton</i>	1000

(To be continued)

## THE MUSEUM

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